

FORRAY INTO NOVELTY

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JUST A FEW IDEAS ARE ON my mind this morning. Meanings underlie our modern society. Being honest, about our feelings, and the meanings which our lives are built on and around, is something like, '*the fabric of our society.*' I think, that we

have consensus realities under pinning our various life stations. A household, or a family can be seen as a life station, and together with one's neighborhood comprise a community. *A local community has a set of consensus realities, as does a regional community, and a national.* In truth, there are an almost infinite number of communities in a large nation, like our own... *ways to group ourselves, and find common ground.* Everything from church families and communities, to corporate, scholastic, athletic, and governmental administrative families and communities... *these form the backdrops for all of our*

lives' meanings. If you feel that your relationship with your home family, or your local community is an honest one, and is guided by the meanings such honesty brings, then wouldn't you think of your town, or church, or scholastic community as being 'healthy,' and alive, *as being something like a living being, with a consciousness, and principles?* If a state, or a nation taxes its peoples, their income, for their share of the worth of the privilege of their being a part of the nation, in other words, for their citizenship, given their income... *then, any home families' approximate happiness, is something like*

the most important criteria, or 'deduction,' or 'exemption,' which those people can enjoy, from the taxes which they're asked to give up, or give back, to their nation, for their income. This is just a good way to see, in general, this of a families' 'economic,' or 'fiscal health,' as being something that might be measured in this '*happiness,*' or '*well being,*' and as being like a prized commodity, *making other concerns fade in comparison.* At any rate, these are just some ideas, some thoughts, that one such as myself can come up with on a morning such as this one, here. Do they make any sense? Do they have

meaningful purpose? Does it matter? That's a good question. *Does it matter to you?* Then, it does to me, too. But, speaking for only myself, I'm fairly happy with my place, and role, in this community presently, so the ideas which I would bring to my empty page, this morning, are quite easily found. These ideas are just offered. *But, these aren't the only ideas which are in my mind, right now, by any means.* For instance, I'm listening to this musical artist, and his or her latest album, and I'm impressed with how broadly stable, and placid, these sounds are. Any musician association with yourself is unique, and

different. Any musical artist to which I'm listening might be more avant garde, or futuristic, alternatively traditional, or strongly ethnic, or rootsy. *These are value judgments, in a general sense.* Perhaps, it could be said, that one's musical choices, on any given day, *are somewhat relevant to how such a one feels about his or her own self...* and, just how you feel yourself to be thought of in such a time period... whether as a conservative, or as a liberal... whether reserved, and minimal istic, or as a more of a 'free spirit,' or as a voice speaking of more life changes, than the passive reader might be. We might think in this way, but

our more meaningful choices will usually reflect a purely democratic, free field of contentment and happiness... *where we should never be limiting or exclusionary... to ourselves or to others.* After all, this is the twenty first century... *every man is the director, the producer, the publisher.* At any rate, you can easily see, some of the criteria, so to speak, for how we see and think about ourselves, today, or any day. *It's so very easy, in my view, to overthink matters of taste, and preference.* So, in practical reality, '*It's all so good,*' is a useful way to wholly avoid any pointed or opinionated choosing; *those particular*

signals then not being given. An Orientalist text might would tell us, '*The world is a sacred vessel, which shouldn't be groped, or grasped after.*' Just enjoy the blessings of the liberty that you can find, for your own furtherance and happiness, or for the 'common good.' At any rate, this type of writing appears to be meandering across hill and vale, *without appearing to be closely kept, or self conscious...* which, *these are good values as well.* You might find both, in the world, but when it comes to the ways, in which I am shaping my personal journal, on a day like this one, I think, I can easily see, how, this writing

will, hopefully, be included to start a new 'Book Dee, part two.' *I for one, just feel that mindfulness is necessary, in beginning any new chapter.* This will almost always be the best way. I can find, how, I might have an good and acceptable part one, going forth, and standing for myself, right now, in general... *so I might should 'count my blessings,' and remember the moderate, through any start on a new part two.* I would say, additionally, that we should be guarded, and careful, in how we set forth in any new chapter, from the start. *Otherwise, so much for 'striving for excellence.'* An opportunity for a new

chapter, is a 'forray into novelty, and invention...' but, just remember, '*To thine own self be true,*' is the best guidance for *impromptu writing, in general.* Don't step on your partners slippers, while dancing. This article can be red, but it may lack direction, and purpose. But so what if it does? Or doesn't? Here I might add, that that's subjective... and, I might speculate, you could ask yourself, '*Am I writing from my innermost heart, or from an ideological eccentricity?*' Well, I somewhat find, this afternoon, that some kinds of articles, like this one, *are definitely a way of saying much, while only saying very little.* I think

that while I'm somewhat just trying to develop any ideas which appear, and materialize... nothing much is on my mind, right now... I think I'm just dancing around this nothingness of thought, (*as if something 'hides it away,' and is somewhat beyond the speaking of.*) If it's not this that is troubling myself, then I suppose that I'm just 'out of ideas,' for the time being. At any rate, these have been some thoughts, this evening. *For whatever it's worth, I'll send them along your way, now.* All for now, Greg.

